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SELECTED POETRY.

THE FUNERAL FLOWERS.

AS, lonely, walking o'er the plain,
With solemn step and slow,
A hapless swain at midnight-hour
Went forth to vent his wo :

His hand the sweetest flowers fill'd,
That glow'd with beauty's bloom,
Now destin'd with their richest tints
T'adorn his Laura's tomb.

Lo ! there each mournful flower he strew'd,
Which vernal Flora bears ;
With frequent sighs dispers'd them round,
And watered them with tears.

There was the violet's purple hue,
And Hyacinthus seen,
The leaves with monarch's names inscrib'd,
And plaintive notes between.

Sweet rosemary, and many a plant
In eastern gardens known ;
The lover's myrtle, which the queen
Of beauty deigns to own.

A sage, who wandered there alone,
In the dank dews of night,
To gather plants of mystic power,
Beneath the moon's pale light,

With scornful smile, and eye askance,
The hapless youth survey'd,
Who paid the last sad tribute there
To the departed maid.

" And what ! " (said he,) " shall these sweet
flowers,

" Which sinking life can save,
" And plants of aromatic scent,
" Adorn a dreary grave ?

" For shame ! Fond youth, learn Nature's
gifts

" With better skill to prize ;
" Attend her precepts ;—read them here ;—
" Be frugal, and be wise."

He ceas'd :—the sighing youth replied,
" To Laura's shade I give,
" Unblam'd, each emblematic flower
" Which *she* first taught to live.

" And frequent here, fair Flora's train,
" Uncull'd by me, shall bloom ;
" And nurs'd by bright Aurora's tears,
" Diffuse their rich perfume.

" Then urge me not, with narrow mind,
" To wrong the dust below ;
" But rather thou expand thy heart,
" And generous tears bestow."

Thus as he spoke, the red-breast mild,
The friend of human kind,
Wide scattered leaves o'er the low mound,
And on the turf reclin'd.

While Philomel, with plaintive notes,
Funereal dirges sung,
O'er Laura's tomb, who oft in life
Had mourned her ravished young.

And vain, (she sang,) was wisdom's lore,
That taught the heart to hide ;
And vain the empty, idle boast
Of philosophic pride.

The flowers more sweetly seem'd to smile,
Reviving at her lay ;
And sweeter scent, and fresher green,
The swelling leaves display.

The sage stood check'd, the solemn song
Such virtue could impart ;
He dropp'd a tear, to pity due ;
That humaniz'd the heart.

The " graceful softness of the soul"
He learn'd henceforth to prize ;
And own'd where Nature touch'd the
heart,
" 'Twas folly to be wise."

PRESENTED BY A HUSBAND TO HIS
WIFE, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
THEIR MARRIAGE.

" THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So sixteen years ago I said.
Behold another ring!—for what ?
To wed thee o'er again—why not ?
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;
Taste long admired, sense long rever'd,
And all my Mary then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I claim that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here then to-day, with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense as pure,
As when before, with rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,

To thee, sweet girl, this second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart.
Those virtues which before untry'd,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,

My soul admires, my song approves,
For friendship's sake as well as love's.
For why?—They show me hour by hour,
Honour's high thought, reflection's power;
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence;
And teach me all things—but repentance,

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS, IN ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND AGRICULTURE.

Temporary Rick to secure Corn in sheaves in the fields, till quite dry; also Clover, Peas, and Beans; by William Jones, Esq., of Foxdown Hill, near Wellington, Somersetshire.

(Extracted from the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.)

THE very unusual quantity of rain that fell during the months of August and September last, with scarcely two days of dry weather following, in this neighbourhood, put farmers to the necessity of having recourse to various modes of preserving their corn; and as I understand the Society of Arts has offered a gold medal for the cheapest and best mode of harvesting corn, and also for making hay in wet weather, superior to any hitherto practiced, I beg leave to communicate some experiments I made last summer, and the result of them. In the first place, I put some wheat in small round ricks, or windrows, made in the common way of this county; but afterwards recollected, that the uncommon wetness of the ground might render the under part damp, I thought it prudent to examine them, (about ten days after they were set up,) and found my apprehensions so well founded,

that I had the whole spread abroad; and have no doubt, that, if they had remained a little longer, the corn would have been materially injured, not the bottom only, for it had contracted dampness a great way up the ricks, insomuch that I turned my attention to devise some better mode of preserving my barley, in case the weather continued so rainy, as it afterwards proved. I had observed, in some wet seasons before this, that many of our farmers, not being able to get their barley dry enough to put into a large rick, had set up narrow ricks, containing the produce of an acre or two each, in different parts of the same field in which it was grown, for the sake of expedition; and though some straw was put under them, yet the bottom contracted a great degree of dampness, so as to occasion it to smell old, and the clover was killed where these ricks had stood. My object was to prevent both these injuries; and it occurred to me, that four gate-hurdles would answer both purposes, by setting the two outside ones perpendicular, and two middle ones inclining against and supporting each other. These hurdles are usually eight feet long; the two heads, in which the four bars are mortised, have pointed ends, of about a foot and a half long: the two outside ones are to be forced